

The galleries and heights are the most astounding illustrations of the science and cunning of Art blended with Nature's contributions. We first ascend to the castle erected by Abu Abdul Hafez in 725. The "Torre Mocha" is riddled with shot marks, and near this the galleries are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the north front. These batteries are *not* a show of terror more than reality, as some suppose, though it is fearful even for the mind to grasp at the intense and deafening sensation these subterranean forts must create upon those whose duty it is to attend to them. At the extremity are magnificent saloons: that of Lord Cornwallis and the Hall of St. George, where the immortal Nelson was feasted. Nelson dearly loved the Rock, and in proof thereof wished that half the town might be burnt down, to make room for better and more salubrious edifices. Next we pass into "Willis' Battery:" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called "The Wolf's Leap." Now we ascend to the "Rock Gun," placed on the north of the three points. The signal post is central. Here the preparations for firing the evening gun warn us to be off, and get on board before the gates are closed.

Truly has it been said that Gibraltar is a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen's Crown. In the words of Edmund Burke, it is "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce." Tremendous bastions have been erected at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda. And what makes me proud as I write is to know that whilst Gibraltar is a scourge to intriguers and enemies, charity finds herself a home on its once barren rocks; and Jew, Christian, or Gentile—the refugees from Morocco—have found a good Samaritan in the present governor. Yet it is best that strangers should be scarce.\*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.

MANY things—railways especially—have materially changed the Circuit since I first joined it. Then we assembled usually in nearly our full number, at Winchester, and continued together till the close in Somersetshire. Our number somewhat diminished in Cornwall. The facilities which railways afford make the attendance somewhat less regular, and in consequence the moral influence of the body on its members is much diminished. We met usually in high spirits, and there was much excitement on the whole round. Those who were in full business were not the least merry or regular at the Circuit Mess. There were the aspirants, men who were beginning to rise into notice—full of hope and interest. There were the very young men—young at least according to legal calculation, for whom the novelty of the life and the business in court were in themselves a continual treat; who found in watching the proceedings, or the displays of eloquence and skill in the leaders, or of learning in the juniors, both instruction and amusement—to whom the mere novelty and strangeness of the

whole scene around them were pleasure enough. True, there were necessarily some few who were growing old in heartless disappointment—some whose hearts were sick with hopes again and again deferred; and when to this was added—as was sometimes the case—the thought of a wife and children at home, dependent upon the husband's success in his profession—or the pressure of means so scanty, that the candidate might soon be compelled to abandon the struggle altogether from inability to meet its expenses, it cannot be denied that there were elements of sadness to qualify the apparent general light-heartedness of our body. But it must be said that trials such as these—among the severest, perhaps, to which men can be exposed—were in general gallantly borne; and the feelings of disappointment, anxiety, or distress so nobly concealed, that to the many they were unknown. The few sympathised with the sufferers, and rendered whatever comfort, kindness, and encouragement could afford; and not a little was done by the successful men in this way, as opportunity afforded.

Our circuit, in respect of the country we travelled over, was very interesting. Besides the character of the towns themselves, and the beauty of the direct routes from place to place, at every point there were off-lying objects and places to which we wandered as time and leisure allowed, in small parties. The Isle of Wight, Weymouth, Lyme, Sidmouth, and Exmouth; Plymouth by one route into Cornwall, or the Moor and Tavistock by another—the north coast of the two counties—the Quantock and Cheddar; all these, in turn, a circuiter might hope to visit in the course of this or that circuit. I have alluded to the expense. This was certainly to not a few a serious inconvenience. Indeed, it was not untruly considered that the whole body of circuiters spent in the several counties more money than was received in them.

"Our circuit" was a somewhat stately affair. The judges did not post, but travelled with sober haste, drawn by their own four-in-hand. The barristers posted or rode. It was an understood rule not to travel from place to place in any public conveyance. The "leaders" always had their private carriages, and some of them their saddle horses also. Our mess was rather an expensive one, and we had our own cellar of wine at each circuit town. This was under the care of our "wine treasurer," and a van, with four horses, attended us, under the superintendence of our baggage master. These were our two circuit officers; two of our own number, upon whose arrangements we depended much for our comforts, and to whom we looked on our "grand day," which we always kept at Dorchester, not merely for an account of their own departments, but also for the formal introduction of new members, and an account, generally given with much point and humour, of preferments, promotions, marriage, and any other incidents which might have befallen any of the members since the last circuit—"offences" these, as we called them, always expiated by contributions to the "wine fund." The leader of the circuit was the barrister highest in rank. He was expected to

\* For other papers on Gibraltar, with views, see Nos. 152, 308, 309.

be a frequent attendant at the mess. To him application was first made in disputed points of professional etiquette, and he was expected to watch over the interests, character, and conduct of the circuit. Graver cases were reserved for the consideration of the whole body; our law was unwritten, and our decisions were neither recorded nor reported, but obeyed on peril of expulsion from the mess.

The judges, I have said, travelled with their own four horses. I may mention also as a little circumstance now passing into oblivion, that they travelled with their own "four wigs also:" the brown scratch for the morning when not in court; the powdered dress-wig for dinner; the tye-wig with the black coif, when sitting on the civil side of the court; the full bottomed one, which was never omitted, for the crown side. Those were days, you know, when gentlemen in common life wore coats of every colour; but we always dined with the judges in black. Some judges, indeed, were strict in their notions as to the dress of the bar at other times. I remember once, when a party of us halted at Blandford for luncheon, on our way from Salisbury to Dorchester, at the same inn at which their lordships were resting for the same purpose. We strolled out while our repast was being prepared, and met them. One of our number had a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and a blue cloth cap with a gold-lace band on his head. We observed that one of the judges drew up at this. It chanced that, a few minutes after, a recruiting party marched down the street with drum and fife, and at our luncheon the butler appeared with a demure face to say, with his lordship's compliments to the gentlemen of the bar, that as some of them seemed to have a military turn, he sent to say that there was a recruiting party in the town, and they might like, perhaps, to take the opportunity of enlisting.—*The Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge.*

#### PRINCE METTERNICH.

THE appearance of a Metternich as the representative of Austria at the Congress of Paris carries the mind back to the Congress of Vienna, where the Allied Powers, under the presidency of the old Metternich, revised the map of Europe, and decreed the extinction of the Buonaparte dynasty. Metternich, the father, just lived to see Napoleon *redivivus* in Italy once more, renewing, as it were, that war with Austria which first brought his own talents into notice, and opened to him the illustrious career which closed, if not in disgrace, in profound humiliation. He survived himself, we may almost say, only to see all his schemes reversed. "What you build, I will destroy; what you plant, I will pluck up." Such might be the epitaph on many a great man's tomb.

"Après moi le déluge," said Prince Metternich, a few years before the revolutionary deluge of 1848 swept over Austria, and cast him a banished exile on the shores of England. In this saying, as in one or two remarkable acts of his life, he showed that he was gifted with a very keen foresight of

future events. Yet partly, perhaps, from the selfish consideration expressed in the words "après moi," he was throughout his whole career the very incarnation of the principle of immobility. He has been often, nevertheless, compared to Talleyrand; but, except that both these celebrated men were endowed with extraordinary diplomatic ability, there was at least no outside likeness—rather a complete contrast—between them. The Voltairian ex-priest could assume every shape, adopt every party, serve every dynasty, and accommodate himself with surprising readiness and aptitude to every change. But Metternich never changed; he served the same cause, and devoted himself invariably to the promotion of the same interests, as he conceived them, of his country. There was, in fact, as much uniformity of purpose in the life of the German as there was versatility in that of the French statesman; yet the narrow consistent inflexibility of the one, and the unprincipled flexibility of the other, had perhaps this resemblance—they may have arisen out of the same time-serving motives.

Metternich was born at Coblenz, in May, 1773. At his death, last year, he had thus completed his eighty-sixth year. The Metternich family was originally from the banks of the Rhine. They were at first baronial, and had even then the right of a seat in the imperial Diets. They were afterwards made counts, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the family gave to the empire three electors, two of Mayence and one of Trèves. The father of the prince lately deceased was Envoy Extraordinary at the electoral courts of the Rhine, and fulfilled other important missions.

Of the early youth of his renowned son, we only know that he was a fellow-student with Benjamin Constant, at a college of Strasbourg, and that a friendship sprung up between the two young men; which their opposite careers and still more opposite characters never afterwards interrupted. Young Metternich was introduced into public life as a master of ceremonies at the Imperial Court of Vienna. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed ambassador at the Hague. Holland, however, being conquered by France, he did not fill that post, but became representative of Austria at Dresden, and afterwards at Berlin. He took a leading part in all the most important events of that period. It was principally owing to him that Prussia was induced to join the League, in 1805, with Russia, England, Sweden, and Austria against France. The campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz followed; and almost immediately afterwards Metternich rose to that conspicuous eminence which he retained, with ever increasing power, for nearly half a century.

In 1806 he was appointed Ambassador to the court of Napoleon, and, taking his stand as a diplomatist by the side of the French emperor and of Talleyrand, was found at once, under circumstances the most unfavourable to the interests he represented, to be of no inferior stature.

"You are very young," Napoleon said to him on his first presentation, "to represent one of the oldest houses of Europe."